

YOUNG GIRLS ARE  
RUDER THAN MEN  
**FAIRY TALES UP-TO-NOW**



PROFESSOR MOSES,

PROFESSOR MOSES  
CALLS A CLASS  
VANDALS

MISS DORA BRAMBLETT

2239.2  
T66  
1904i



JOHN HENRY NASH

John Henry Nash

Printer

# EXTRA!!

## FAIRY-TALES UP TO NOW

### WALLACE IRWIN, THE BANDIT, AGAIN BREAKS LOOSE AND SANDBAGS OLD FAVORITES

### SLAYER ALREADY CONVICTED OF LOVE SONNETS OF A HOODLUM AND RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM, JR.

THE VICTIMS:  
BABES IN THE WOOD  
CINDERELLA  
JACK THE GIANT-KILLER  
SLEEPING BEAUTY  
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

PAUL ELDER, THE SAN FRANCISCO  
PUBLISHER, BRINGS TO  
LIGHT THE DETAILS OF THE TRAGEDY

**COPYRIGHT, 1904  
BY PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY  
SAN FRANCISCO**

---

---

**ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL  
LONDON**

**THE TOMOYE' PRESS  
SAN FRANCISCO**

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

I. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY  
(HE HYPNOTIZED HER) - - - - 1

---

II. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD  
(ADULTERATED FOOD) - - - - 6

---

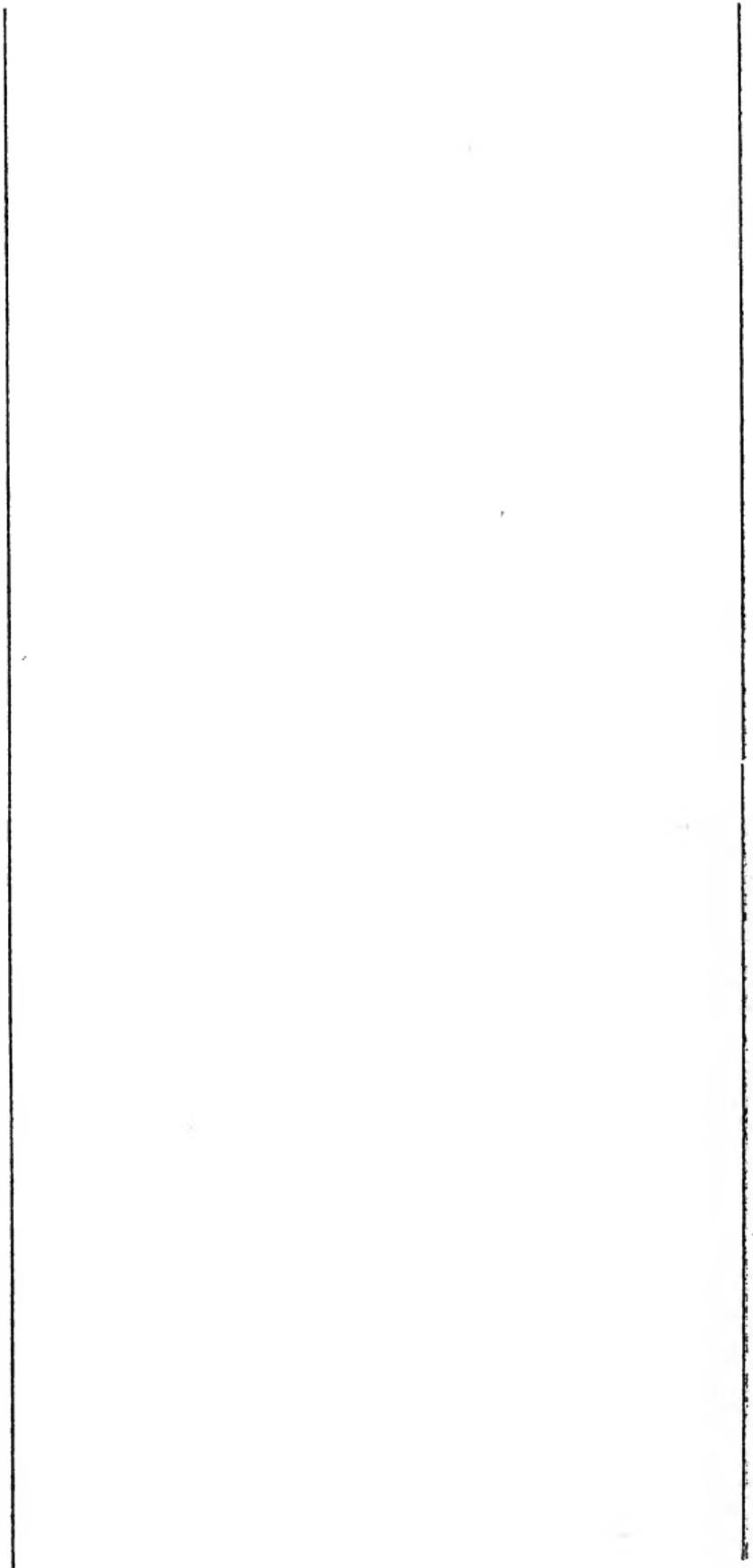
III. BABES IN THE WOOD  
(KIDS FOIL KIDNAPPERS) - - 10

---

IV. CINDERELLA  
(WAS IT GLASS) - - - - 15

---

V. JACK THE GIANT-KILLER  
(HE JARRED THE GIANT) - - 20



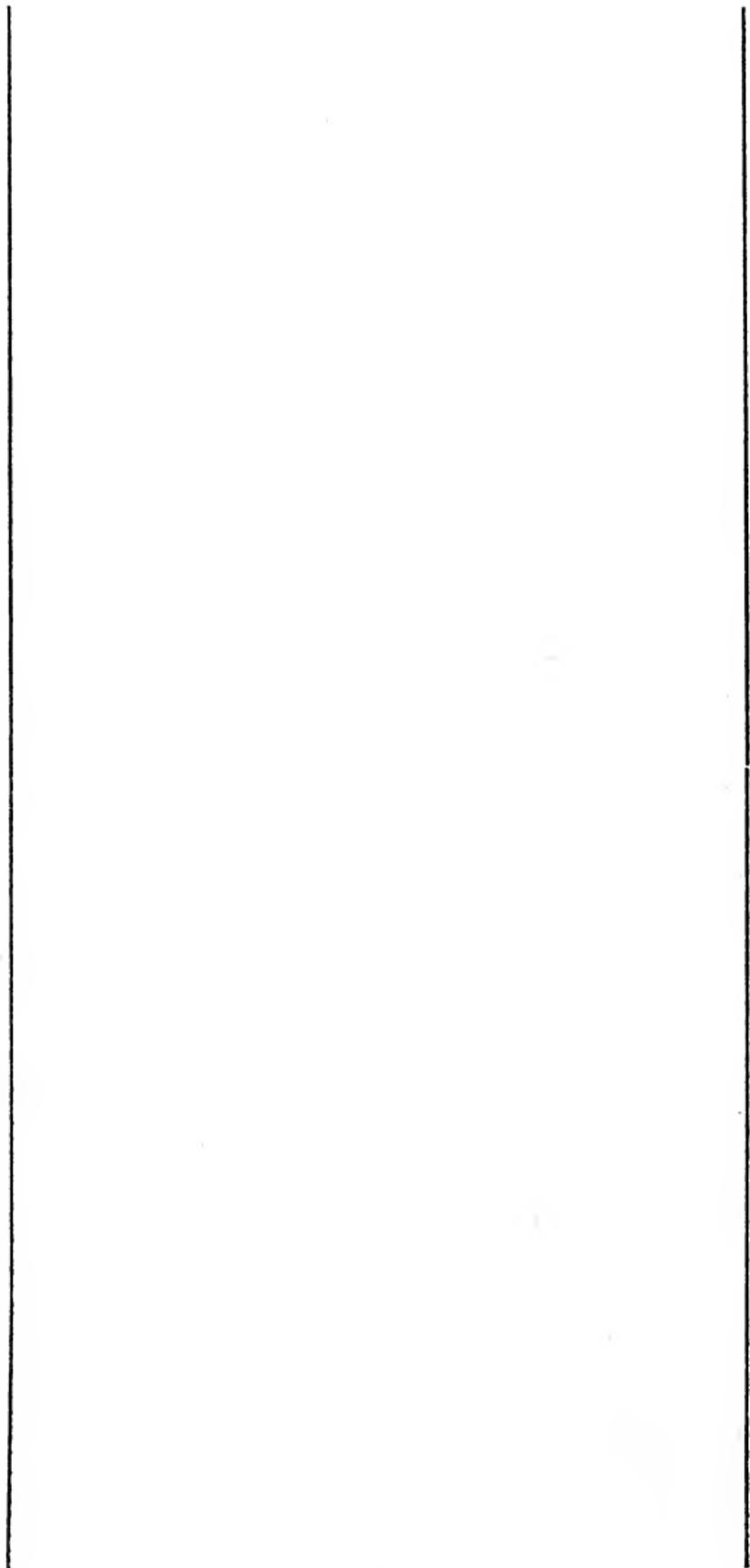
*Of yore the foolish Fairy made  
His fame in childish story;  
But now he wisely plies his trade -  
And never thinks of glory.*

*The Ogre at his modern meal  
Boasts loud of stocks and margin,  
Breakfasts on Standard Oil and Steel  
And keeps right on enlargin'.*

*The Woodland Babes your childhood met  
May still enjoy their capers;  
But when they're lost they only get  
A write-up in the papers.*

*Where is the Wizard dark of fate,  
Whose word brought sloth and ruin?  
Behold the Walking Delegate  
Who murmurs, "Nothin' doin'!"*

*And if the stage attracts our fays,  
None will forbid, that's certain.  
But hush! the play is on—so raise  
The advertising curtain.*



# HE HYPNOTIZED HER!

---

## WALKING DELEGATE'S STRANGE CONTROL OVER SLEEP- ING BEAUTY

---

### IN A TRANCE FORTY DAYS— MARRIAGE FOLLOWS

---

The lovely Princess Goldy was a very lady-like

Little maid who ruled the classic burg of Jay-town-on-the-Pike,

And as regent of the country she was known for many a mile,

Enthroned within her palace built "in chaste colonial style."

It seems the Princess was betrothed Prince Charming for to wed,

The son of Pierpont Charming, Wall Street king and thoroughbred,

So she brought down from the city maids and servants thirty-four

(Counting the janitor and the boy who showed you to the door).

The house was renovated, the trousseau was prepared,  
The curtains in the dining-room were taken down and aired,  
The royal porch was painted white, the steps a neutral grey,  
And everything was upside down preparing for the day.

About this time there came to town a man of wrath and hate,  
A fell Magician posing as a Walking Delegate;  
And he spied the gang of workmen and the nuptial preparations,  
And said, "These folks look overworked—I'll give 'em all vacations."

First he went to Princess Goldy, and he said,  
"It is my fate  
To queer the wedding bells, for I'm a Walking Delegate.  
I love, adore you, Princess fair of Jaytown-on-the-Pike,  
So be my wife, or else I'll call a general servants' strike."

The Princess arched her noble brow and answered him to wit:  
"Not on your cabinet photo, sir, likewise nay-nay and nit."  
Then as she left the Delegate he sneered without a flinch,  
"This palace is non-union. Have I foiled her?—it's a cinch!"

So he went to all the servitors and whispered  
just a word—  
No more the sound of sweeping brooms or shak-  
ing rugs was heard,  
No more the dishes rattled in that palace by  
the Pike,  
For joyous Jaytown's royal court was tied up  
in a strike.

The Princess rushed as one distraught unto the  
telephone.  
Alas ! there was a lineman's strike and answer  
came there none ;  
Adown the empty stairs she sprang, a hansom  
cab to hail,  
But the cabby just yelled "Boycott!" and her  
tears were no avail.

Then she saw a little A. D. T. official strolling  
ing by,  
And said, "Here, Johnnie, take this message  
to the station — fly!"  
But the youngster puffed his cigarette, and bash-  
fully said he,  
"Go ask de dream book, loidy. You ain't in  
de Union — see!"

Poor Goldy ! she was up against an unaccus-  
tomed job.  
She sat upon the palace steps and sobbed a  
haughty sob,  
While unbeknownst the Delegate sneaked up  
behind, and hissed  
A word that threw her in a trance — he was a  
hypnotist.

For forty days and nights the Princess languished in her trance,  
The while the Walking Delegate led Jaytown such a dance!  
He tied the urban railways up, he tied the gas-works down,  
He drew his magic ring around the factories in town.

When Charming, Jr., heard of this in Gotham far away  
He packed his trunk with bills and sought the sleeping town of Jay;  
No fear had he for magic or the Delegate's foul thrusts,  
For wasn't Charming's pa a king who owned a bunch of trusts?

He rolled into the spell-bound burg which slept beside the Pike,  
And called upon the Delegate who'd brought about the strike,  
And thrusting something long and green into the Wizard's hand,  
He caused the latter to exclaim, "I think I understand."

Once more the urban street cars rolled, the gas-works' whistle blew,  
The milk carts rattled on the stones, the shops were opened, too;  
The factories along the Pike took on a busy roar,  
And everybody soon forgot what they'd been striking for.

The Princess? She was broad awake when  
Charming struck the town  
(Her trance was wound for forty days and by  
itself ran down ),  
And the palace court attendants, when the  
Bishop said the word,  
Went right on with the marriage as if nothing  
had occurred.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moral of this truthful myth, regardless of  
the plot,  
Is: Love still laughs at Lockouts; also, Strike  
while the Iron is hot.

# ADULTERATED FOOD!

---

## W. GRAY WOLF DIES UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AND LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD INDICTED

---

THE TWO SEEN TOGETHER  
SHORTLY BEFORE THE TRAGEDY  
OCCURRED

---

The parents of Red Riding Hood  
Were sharks for scientific food,  
And members of a hygiene club  
That lived on predigested grub.

When Mrs. Hood was touched with grace  
She thought of heaven, as a place  
Where all is anticepticized  
And even the harps are sterilized.

It chanced one day that Grandma Hood,  
Who lived alone within a wood,  
Of Bunco Biscuits ate her fill  
And fell quite seriously ill.

Then Mother said to Riding Hood,  
"Take this assorted breakfast food  
To Grandma, and the Wolf, beware,  
For germs are lurking in his hair."

So Riding Hood she skipped along  
And hummed an artless, childish song.  
Her thoughts reverting as she went  
On Health and Self-Development.

But as she sauntered through the wild  
The great gray Wolf peered out and  
smiled.

"A health food baby!" chuckled he.  
"That's plenty good enough for me."

So, murmuring, "Today I dine!"  
He hastened over twig and vine  
Unto the leaf-surrounded dell  
Where Grandma was supposed to dwell.

But Grandma's fates were kind that day.  
It seemed that she had gone away  
To see a football game, as far  
As Cambridge, in her auto-car.

Now Wolf got into Grandma's bed  
And cuddled underneath the spread,  
And soon he dreamed of breakfast food  
In shape of Little Riding Hood,

Till presently the door was ope'd  
And wee Miss Hood demurely groped  
Into the darkened room, and saw  
The wolfish, Foxy Grandmamma.

She said, "Good morning, Grandma dear !  
I've something extra healthful here."  
The Wolf lay moaning on his side.  
"What have you brought me, child?"  
he cried.

"Some Cracky-Jacky Crisps," she said,  
"And Dippy's Predigested Bread,  
Some Sawdust Flakes and Shaving Oats,  
And Johnson's Ready Stick-in-Your-  
Throats."

"Enough!" his Wolfship gave a roar.  
"You needn't tell me any more.  
Come hither, child—gr-r-r-oo! gr-r-r-r-oo!  
I'm going for to swaller YOU!"

Did Ridie quail, did Ridie flinch?  
Never, sweet child—it was a cinch.  
She cast a scornful look, and bold,  
And hissed, "Uncultured monster, hold!"

"Do you appreciate the break  
That you are just about to make?  
Your hopes of health are minimized—  
Why, I'm not even Pasteurized!"

The Wolf's gray visage paled with fright.  
"If you would eat," she said, "you might  
Try Stick-in-Your-Throats for Brain and  
Nerve—  
Just add skimmed buttermilk, then serve."

The Wolf replied, "You're very kind;  
I'll try a bite, if you don't mind."  
So Ridie got a dish, and soon  
She fed him health food with a spoon.

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. PAGE 9

---

And when the monster had enough  
To kill a camel of the stuff,  
His breath grew weak, his eyes grew  
dim —

The breakfast food had done for him.

At length she heard his dying groan,  
And faint and fainter came his moan.  
Then Ridie chuckled in delight,  
"I knew I'd fix the Wolf all right."

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Riding Hood, immortalized,  
A health food child is advertised.  
"This child," the street car placard quotes,  
"Was saved from death by Stick-in-Your-  
Throats."

# KIDS FOIL KIDNAPPERS!

---

## BABES IN THE WOOD, BY DEED OF HEROIC COOLNESS, THWART PLANS OF DESPERATE CRIMINAL GANG

---

MILLIONAIRE JONES, THE FATHER,  
ALMOST MAKES STATEMENTS WHICH  
WOULD JAR FASHIONABLE SUBURBS

---

Celestine and Cecil were beautiful twins,  
The children of Timothy Jones —  
Who lives on the Square in the manse over there  
And is mentioned in reverent tones.

I've Mrs. Jones' word for their wonderful traits,  
And their virtues I fain would rehearse ;  
But whenever they budged they were sadly mis-  
judged  
By their sordidly practical nurse.

They were surely the life of the household of  
Jones  
( They were almost the death of it, too ),  
And the servants were vexed with the question :  
What next  
Will that Cecil and Celestine do ?

At the first flush of morning they woke with a wail  
Which they kept up in relays till night ;  
They caught the Angora and twisted her tail  
And tumbled downstairs with delight.

If the duo cherubic were silent a while  
It simply meant future unrest—  
They were plotting things dire or starting a fire  
Or robbing the medicine chest.

When Cecil hit sister then sister would scream  
With the voice of a banshee in pain ;  
Then she'd fall upon Cecil and ragefully wrestle  
Till infantile Babel would reign.

If they went for a ramble with Pansy, the nurse,  
They shouted for everything near ;  
They wanted an auto, a push-cart, a hearse,  
A brewery dray loaded with beer.

And should Pansy refuse them the wish of their  
hearts  
Their keen disappointment was plain,  
And again they'd give vent to a tearful lament,  
Like the voice of a banshee in pain.

Their mother would say, "They have sensitive  
souls—  
You're harsh with them, Pansy, indeed."  
But the nurse, when alone, would remark with  
a moan,  
"It's a good Irish shspankin' they need ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

One morning two strangers arrived in the town,  
Glum Charlie and Snickering Jo.

They were filled with the zeal of a business deal  
For the Amsterdam Kidnapping Co.

When they saw the magnificent mansion of Jones,  
Jo whispered, "Hi, matey, here's luck !  
Old Jones has got shiners and duplicate minors —  
We'll pinch de kids lightly and duck."

As Pansy, the nurse, and her intimate, Mae,  
Went forth with the twins down the row,  
There swung into view two policemen in blue  
(Of course they were Charlie and Jo).

They lauded poor Pansy's complexion and eyes,  
And the ladylike manner of Mae,  
Till Mae said, "Tee-hee!" and Pansy, "Law  
me!"  
In a very conventional way.

Thus, trifling, they came to an isolate wood,  
Where Jo to his mate whistled thrice,  
Then with impolite curses they handcuffed the  
nurses,  
And seized on the twins in a trice.

As the ladies explained, "We was that took  
aback"—  
I am sure they'd have screamed if they  
could—

But they saw the thieves slip the dear babes in  
a grip  
And strike for the depths of the wood.

\* \* \* \* \*

You'd better believe there was trouble in town  
When the loss of the twins was divined.  
Mrs. Jones, growing gray, nicely fainted away,  
With remarkable presence of mind.

Imperious Timothy Jones beat his breast  
And rushed to the phone with a bound ;  
Called up Major McGeese, the Chief of Police,  
And ordered that worthy around.

The Chief told the Captain, the Captain the  
Sergeant,  
The Sergeant he called out the guard,  
Who seized, on suspicion, a drunken physician—  
They really worked very hard.

For he was a genius, the Chief of Police,  
An expert on crime's outs and ins ;  
So he did all the splendid occasion demanded—  
Except to recover the twins.

He made out a schedule, he signed a report,  
He ordered his janitor, Jim,  
To sweep out the hall—which was certainly all  
That could be expected of him.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week thus elapsed, when a marvel occurred  
Which no one could quite understand—  
The bandits came back looking sickly and slack,  
And leading the twins by the hand.

They limped to the mansion of Timothy Jones,  
And met him with tears in their eyes :  
“ O kind Mister, please, we've brought you back  
These,  
Though we know it's a nawful surprise !

“But Charlie,” said Jo, “isn’t strong in his nerves

( I tell you I pities their nuss ).

We’ve handled tough cases in different places,  
But these was too peevish for us.

“They squalled and they bellered, they howled  
and they yelled,

They kicked of our calves and our shins,  
They bit and they scrapped while a-being kid-  
napped,

And they paid us up good for our sins.

“We had to sing lullabies to ‘em by night,  
We had to amuse ‘em by day.

When we gits such a deal we imeejutly feel  
That the kidnapping bizness don’t pay.

“We don’t want no ransom for bringin’ ‘em  
back—

Don’t care if they take us to jail.

What we think of as best is a decent night’s rest  
Far away from a howl or a wail.”

The father had lived with the twins for so long

That he knew the poor kidnappers’ woe,

So he let ‘em go free, giving Charlie a dime

And a quarter to Snickering Jo.

So Celestine and Cecil, returned to their home,  
Made the hour of deliverance plain,

When the ancestral halls thrilled once more with  
their bawls,

Like the voice of a banshee in pain.

# WAS IT GLASS?

---

## SENSATIONAL ROMANCE OF CINDER- ELLA, A STENOGRAPHER IN A HIRED BALL GOWN

---

### JILTED BY A DUKE, SHE BECOMES AN HEIRESS

---

Have you heard of Cinderella, little grown-up  
girls and boys,  
She who stirred up all that scandal and cre-  
ated such a noise, —  
She who caused that fuss last summer through  
the losing of a shoe,  
Till the Sunday papers wrote her up—and  
what they told was true?

Cinderella's dashing father, when he got his  
first divorce,  
Met a very wealthy widow. They were mar-  
ried in due course;  
So the maiden took the background while the  
widow's ugly girls  
Squandered freely in attempts to catch some  
bargain Dukes and Earls.

They had their Newport seasons, automobiles,  
yachts and dances,  
Their winter trips and diamonds, their con-  
quests and romances,  
While patient Cinderella at a hardwood desk  
must stay  
A-working as stenographer at fifty cents a day.

At last, across the ocean, came the Duke of  
Fiddlestick

(He was eligibly reckless, for he needed  
money quick),

So in order most politely to convene the mil-  
lions all,

He tendered to Society a gorgeous fancy ball.

Cinderella's false stepsisters were invited for  
to go,

But when she asked to tag along, the haughty  
dabs said "No!"

Then they swept into their carriage, leaving  
Ella all alone,

Till she thought of her good Fairy; so she  
rang her up by phone.

At a masquerade costumer's, in the middle of  
the town,

Did the Fairy hire a brilliant, rather stagey  
Paris gown,

And a pair of diamond slippers, in which bor-  
rowed elegance

Cinderella draped her figure, and was hurried  
to the dance.

Probably you've not forgotten how she stormed  
the ball incog,  
How the eyes were all upon her and the ears  
were all agog,  
Till the marriage brokers present, noticing her  
jeweled shoes,  
Swore she was a coal king's daughter who had  
rocks to burn and lose.

Then the Duke made haste to know her, and  
together soon they whirled,  
Till through half a dozen waltzes they were  
rapturously twirled ;  
For the Duke had seen the slippers gleaming  
with prismatic light,  
And he sighed, "I need the money"—it was  
passion at first sight.

Marking not the moments' passing, suddenly  
they came to rue it  
When the clock upon the steeple chimed out  
twelve before they knew it.  
Then the maiden, faint and flustered, cast her  
anxious thoughts afar,  
For she lived in Tuskarroora and she feared to  
miss her car.

Cinderella fled the ballroom, home-bound trol-  
leys in her mind,  
But she stumbled as she ran and left a diamond  
shoe behind.  
And a janitor who found it bore it to Monsieur  
le Duc,  
Who lamented, "Gone forever ! I have lost  
her—just my luck !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Soon the hopeless weeks were passing, and  
the duke, in grave distress,  
Saw himself grow poor and poorer and his  
credit less and less;  
Yet in very frenzy of despair he searched the  
city through  
For some fabulously wealthy girl who'd lost a  
jeweled shoe.

Finally fair Cinderella saw this "Personal"  
come up  
In the smaller "ads" appended to a useful  
Sunday Supp:  
*"If she who lost the diamond shoe desires her  
fate to meet,  
She'll call for property today at 12 East  
Bullion Street."*

Cinderella brushed her walking skirt — the only  
one she had —  
Put on her hat and sought the Ducal offices  
like mad.  
The Duke, who waited for her, cried, "My  
darling, is it you?  
You're just in time, for I have gone and pawned  
your diamond shoe.

"Now we must haste to yonder kirk and find  
a holy man,  
So let your hand and purse be mine and pub-  
lished be the bann.  
I've seen your flashlight footwear, girl, and I  
can plainly see  
An heiress wearing shoes like those is good  
enough for me."

"I'm fond of you," Cinderella said, "but  
prithee, hear me, sir.  
I am no heiress, but a poor, ill-paid stenog-  
rapher;  
And e'en the slipper that you found upon the  
floor—alas!  
'Tis not composed of diamonds—oh, forgive  
me!—it is glass!"

"False—glass!" he cried. "How dare you  
mock me, trifle with me so?  
My heart is broken—I am broke—the ele-  
vator—go!"  
And as the damsel took the lift and left His  
Royal Nobs,  
The building shook and trembled with the  
anguish of his sobs.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis well that Love, though sore betrayed, need  
not for long despair,  
That bleeding Cupid still may find a balm some-  
how, somewhere—  
And e'en the hapless nobleman, when marriage  
doesn't pay,  
May take to driving hansom cabs, or work in  
some café.

One week passed by. The Duke forgot and  
wed 'midst joy and laughter  
Cinderella's maiden sister and was happy ever  
after;  
But Cinderella's now become a lady millionaire  
Through selling "Cinderella Shoes, \$3.00 net  
the pair."

# HE JARRED THE GIANT!

---

## WEIRD CASE OF A PENNSYLVANIA YOUNGSTER WITH STRANGE CRIMINAL INSTINCTS

---

### DUE TO PECULIAR OUTCOME JACK THE SLAYER WILL NOT BE PROSECUTED

---

In a Standard Oil village, not many years back,  
Lived a smart little youngster whose name it  
was Jack.

He was brave and ambitious, alive and alert,  
And he longed to kill giants so bad that it hurt;  
So he dreamed all about 'em by day and by  
night—

But it seemed the closed season, for none were  
in sight.

Now it happened one day that he heard his  
Pa say

That the country was going to dogs in a way  
That was shocking, all due to the coin-getting  
lusts

Of those horrible, man-eating giants, the Trusts.

“ Ha, here is my chance ! ” cried adventurous Jack.

“ I’ll slay one and bring home his head in a sack.”

So he packed his valise in the night, for he knew  
That the city was where all the Trust Giants  
grew,

And he boarded the Gun Shot Express, which  
could scoot

Just as swiftly with Jack as the Seven League  
Boot ;

And the first thing he knew he was harshly  
let down

At the Grand Central sheds of a flourishing  
town.

At his desk Mr. Ogre, the Standard Oil king,  
Sat all unsuspecting, not doing a thing  
But cutting off coupons and trimming the ends  
And baling and sorting the crisp dividends,  
While close by his side his utility man  
Stood sprinkling the stock from a watering-can.

Mr. Ogre was scarcely unpleasant to see—  
A rather benevolent monster was he,  
With sideburns and spectacles ; one who might  
pass

As the millionaire head of a Sunday-school  
class ;

And his features Gargantuan beamed as before  
When there came a loud rat-tat-tat knock at the  
door.

Then entered our hero who paled through  
his tan

When the Giant out-thundered, "GOOD  
MORNING, YOUNG MAN!"

Poor Jack slightly quaked as the moment drew  
near—

From lack of experience rather than fear—

And he stuttered, "Kind Sir, I'll confess, if  
I must—

I've come here to kill you, for you are a  
Trust."

"It's true that I am," said the Trust in alarm,  
"But lay down your hatchet and do me no  
harm.

I cannot deny what is dreadfully plain,  
But I've tried to reform, though my efforts  
were vain;

For I find, to my sorrow and earnest dismay,  
That I seem to grow trustier every day.

"Stay with me, my boy, for I'm fond of a bluff,  
And I'll teach you the trick of acquiring  
The Stuff;

And I think that you'll find, to your honest  
surprise,

That Giants are human in spite of their size.  
Now go get a job in my freight elevator—  
And I trust, if you hustle, I'll hear from you  
later."

\* \* \* \* \*

Did Jack kill the Giant? It grieves me to say  
That his object grew fainter and farther away;  
For the freight elevator it raised him so fast  
That he rose to the treasurer's office at last,  
Where he cleaned out The Street in a won-  
derful deal,

A soft snap in cotton, a hard cinch in steel.

And his harvest of stocks so enormously grew  
That Jack was a Giant the first thing he knew.  
So he married Miss Ogre one gentle June day,  
The daughter of him he had first sworn to slay.  
Now Jack is a monster so mighty and grim  
That whole flocks of Giants are working for him.

Let me tell you how Jack—ere this narrative  
closes—

One day in his auto, “The Tuberculosis,”  
Went back to the home town he'd left in the  
lurch,  
Endowing a library, gas-works and church.  
And he chose him a site on a mountainside lot  
For his new improved castle called “Jack-on-  
the-Spot.”

*These poor old chestnuts from their sack  
I've pulled, though all unwilling.  
I've cracked their husks and put them back  
With somewhat altered filling.*

*For what's the use of Fairy-Tales  
In this bright age and nation  
Where no new scandal tips the scales  
Without investigation?*

*Thus, you think my Riding Hood  
A fabrication hollow,  
I've served her as a Breakfast Food —  
Not quite so hard to swallow.*

*The Fairy folk are with us still,  
Ye skeptics of the minute;  
But they are doing vaudeville,  
For there is money in it.*

*In this disguise they've come to town  
A stagey lot, for certain.  
You've caught them in the act — ring down  
The advertising curtain.*

FINIS



THE CROSS MARKS THE  
SPOT

22322  
766  
19041  
i

## CIRCULATION AFFIDAVIT

THE LOVE SONNETS OF A HOODLUM.  
Sold to date 10 large editions. Demand  
rapidly increasing.

## RACING NOTES

OMAR KHAYYAM, JUNIOR, a strong favor-  
ite, wins the second heat.

## WEATHER FORECAST

High brisk sales and warm reception  
of FAIRY-TALES UP To Now. All signs  
point to continued steady trade-winds from  
the West.

EX LIBRIS UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



JOHN HENRY NASH LIBRARY

◆ SAN FRANCISCO ◆

PRESENTED TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ROBERT GORDON SPROUL, PRESIDENT.

◆ BY ◆

MR. AND MRS. MILTON S. RAY  
CECILY, VIRGINIA AND ROSALYN RAY

AND THE

RAY OIL BURNER COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO  
NEW YORK

represents the cost of two buildings, a large amount of glass and other things. Considering the amount of explosive material, the damage is not so great as it might have been. There have been explosions of the same amount of nitro-glycerin that killed places much more distant. The damage from the explosion at Giant is confined to the precincts of the town. This is due largely to the nature of the building in which the explosion occurred, it being so firmly built and walled about that the concussion was kept within bounds.

The separating-house was, of course, utterly destroyed and the washing-house, a hundred yards away, was telescoped so that it will have to be rebuilt entirely. All that remained on the scene of the separating-house was a hole in the ground ten feet deep and seventy feet in diameter, a few rails and stanchions and some water. All around was desolation and death. The eucalyptus trees near by were stripped of all their bark and leaves, the leaves themselves being split into pieces. There was not a stick of wood that or about the plant and wherever there was a splinter it was buried a foot or two in the ground. The bodies of poor Jackson and Poplin were nowhere to be found by the men that searched the ruins afterward. They had been pulverized, like the fine-atomized things that once made part of the separating-house. The utmost that could be discovered of any part of the men's bodies was a piece of pulp, not much larger than a dollar. This was identified as a portion of the body of Jackson by his brother, Arthur Jackson, who recognized the color of the hair that still clung to it.

Exactly what caused the explosion will never be known, as the only men that could give an explanation bore the secret with them to death. There are a number of theories advanced, but none that seem to fit the case. About the most plausible is that the acid with which the men were working caught fire and got so far beyond their control that it went off. The officials at the plant say, however, that the men were too inexperienced to let such a thing occur, though they do not advance any other theory to take the place of this discarded one.

It is certain, however, and it was generally known around the plant that the workmen in the "separating house" had been having trouble with the acid. It could not be made to "separate" as it should have done. It seems that the acid was a new kind that had recently been purchased from the Peyton Chemical Works at Martinez. Until recently the Giant Company manufactured its own acid but discontinued this

process recently.

A loud, sharp report, followed by the crash of timbers and then silence, told the story of disaster to the inhabitants. Some said afterward that they felt as if all the atmosphere had suddenly drawn away and then rebounded. Some felt as if the rocks were about to be pulled off their houses and all were frightened by the crash of glass. As soon as it was all over a rush was made for the scene of the tragedy, wives and children all thinking of loved ones who might have been caught and killed instantly.

The first sight that met their eyes was Schartau, who was lying on the hillside near the separating-house. He was returning to his work from luncheon just as the explosion occurred and was struck by a piece of iron that was broken from a vat and sent through the air with terrific force. It struck a huge stanchion in its flight after hitting Schartau and then went out of sight over a hill.

Schartau's left leg was mangied just above the ankle. Otherwise he was not hurt and when assistance arrived he was taken to the Giant Company's office. There he showed his bravado and nerve by sitting up and smoking a pipe while waiting for the doctors to come from Point Richmond, five miles away.

"I was just going back to the separating house," said Schartau, "after getting something to eat. It was my custom, if I had gone to the separating house to see how much liquid there was left there. I stopped a minute and then went on, but I didn't get far before the explosion occurred. At the same time that I heard the explosion I realized that I had been hit and a moment later I saw that my leg was mangied. This is the first accident I have been in during my seventeen years' connection with the works."

Frank McCollian and James Flynn had narrow escapes and only a few seconds separated them from death. McCollian was carrying a lunch to Jackson and Poplin at the time of the explosion and if he had been a little earlier would have suffered the same fate as the two men he was about to regale. Flynn was returning to work from lunch and for some providential reason escaped instant death, as he was nearer the ill-fated men than either Schartau or McCollian.

Nels Johnson, foreman in the nitro-glycerin department, ran away from his station above the separating-house as soon as he heard the explosion, fearing that the burning wood about the place might start the explosion in the other places and cause still greater destruction. This did not occur fortunately, and Johnson even